

Time

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Summary: For a man who doesn't talk much, Gordon Freeman has a lot to think about. A look into Gordon's thoughts at Black Mesa while he has a brief chance to rest. This is my first Half Life fan fiction; please read and review! Rated Teen for mention of blood and violence, just in case.

Time

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A half-life is the time it takes for something to decrease to half its starting amount.

But at Black Mesa, time goes both slower and far, far too fast.

I sit here behind a stack of crates, breathing heavily but steadily as I catch my breath. My glasses have been streaked with blood, both alien and human, so much that I hardly bother trying to clean them anymore. My shoes are covered in blood too, not to mention radioactive goo. I reload one of my guns as I listen for the telltale sounds of my enemies in the halls. Nothing. A sigh of relief passes my lips, and though I keep on the alert, I can rest for a second. My left hand falls on my knee, and I notice my chipped, bloodied, but still-intact suit.

My hazard suit has protected me against so much, saved my life countless times...but while I'm grateful for the suit, I've seen too much. Too many Marines, obeying whatever psychopath gave them their orders, have died because of me. Too many grotesque alien bodies have fallen under my gun. And far too many scientists have fallen or been crushed to their deaths, all because I couldn't get to them in time, couldn't help them, couldn't save their lives.

I've seen my friends attacked by what I can only call headcrabs, and then...

Well, I won't go into what happened then.

I'm not the most amazing person in the world. I'm just a scientist like the rest of them, with some extra lucked-out abilities and a hazard suit that they don't have. But I still don't belong here. This isn't what I was supposed to do. I don't want to be here. But I have to be.

I have to survive. I have to get to the surface. I have to escape.

Lambda Complex. That's where I've been told to go. That's where the last hope is, after the Marines revealed themselves for who they are. If the scientists at this complex can't help us, I don't know what will happen. Probably, we'll all die. Makes you wonder if any of this last-chance ditch effort is worth it all. And what right do I have to be running around this maze of a place, shooting most the things that show up in my path, and miraculously surviving it all? Can a man really be that lucky?

And when, exactly, does his luck run out?

But what else can I do? This whole thing might be insane, but I'm sure not going to let myself get killed by the next alien that walks down that hallway. Much less a Marine. I can worry about the philosophy behind this later. For right now, I'm just gonna have to deal.

I'll go out guns blazing, if it means securing some hope for these people. If it means giving us all a chance.

So in one smooth motion, I get up and run.

It's time to fight.

Hi everyone! This is my first time writing Half Life fanfiction, and I'd really appreciate any feedback you all can give me. I know this piece doesn't have a plot and is more about Gordon's reflections, but again, that's because it's my first time stepping into the character's shoes. I hope you liked it, and I'd absolutely love it if you could leave me a review! Thanks for reading :)

End
file.